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*Sir Philip Sidney Author of 'The Arcadia'*  
*After the miniature by Isaac Oliver*



THE TUDOR

SHAKESPEARE

**As You Like It**

EDITED BY

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, Ph.D.  
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE  
IN WELLESLEY COLLEGE



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## Introduction

*Text, and Date of Composition.*— *As You Like It* was first printed in the Folio of 1623, apparently, for no Quarto editions are known. That a quarto was planned, but not published, is evident from the following entry in the Stationers' Registers:—

4 Augusti

<i>As you like yt / a booke</i>	} to be staid
<i>HENRY the FFIFT / a booke</i>	
<i>Euery man in his humour / a booke</i>	
<i>The commedie of 'muche A doo about nothing'</i> a booke	

Although the year is not given, the preceding entry is for 1600, the one following for 1603; and since it is shown by later entries that *Henry the Fifth* was published in 1600, *Every Man in his Humour* in 1601, it is the opinion of scholars that this fourth of August was in the year 1600. Other helps to determining the date of composition are found in the text. Lines 82 and 83, in Act III, scene 5,

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

are quoted from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem not published until 1598. While it is possible that Shakespeare may have seen the poem in manuscript, or may

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have heard these lines quoted by some one familiar with the poem, it is unlikely that he would have referred to them so markedly unless he was sure that his audience would understand the allusion. Another bit of evidence lies in the fact that Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, did not include *As You Like It* in his list of Shakespeare's plays. Had the play been produced by that time, Meres would, almost certainly, have referred to it. In the free use of prose for the speeches of important characters, in the management of blank verse, in the keen, brilliant repartee of the heroines, and in the vividness of characterization, *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing* (usually assigned to 1599) seem closely related. It is probable that *As You Like It* was written during the period 1599-1600.

**Sources. 1. The Plot.** — Certain mannerisms of prose style as well as the delight in pastoral imagery make *As You Like It* distinctively Elizabethan. Although the drama is one of his most individual productions, yet it shows how ardently Shakespeare followed the literary fashions of his day. The immediate source of the play was Thomas Lodge's pastoral romance, entitled: "*Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie Found after his death in his cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes, nursed up with their father in England.*"<sup>1</sup> This romance, published in 1590, was written by Lodge while on a voyage to the Canaries. Artificial as the tale seems to the casual

<sup>1</sup>See Lodge's *Rosalynde*, being the original of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Edited by W. W. Greg, M.A., Duffield, New York, 1907.

reader, it is, however, not only a spirited and charming story, but also a work full of vivid suggestiveness to the student of literary relationships. *Rosalynde* united two elements of story, — one is the Germanic tradition of a valiant, exiled hero; the other is the southern tale of love in pastoral setting. For the exiled hero part, Lodge's original was *Gamelyn*, a fourteenth-century poem in ragged couplets, for many years wrongly included among Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* as the *Cook's Tale*. *Gamelyn* belongs to the group of heroes such as Havelok, Bevis of Hamtoun, and Robin Hood. Both Lodge and Shakespeare must have been familiar with this type of legend, but we have no proof that Shakespeare knew the poem *Gamelyn*. There, the hero's life in the forest has no hint of love interest; Lodge made the addition in imitation of the popular pastorals. The incidents of *Rosalynde* are the stock material of romance of all ages, though the part played by the disguise of the heroine as a page is especially characteristic of sixteenth-century Italian tales and of Montemayor's *Diana*, which seems to have influenced Lodge both in subject-matter and in style. Shakespeare followed Lodge very closely in the outline of story. The two kings were transformed into dukes. Saladyne (Oliver), Rosader (Orlando), Rosalynde, Alinda (Celia), Adam, Montanus (Silvius), Phebe, and Corydon (Corin) were all retained as *dramatis personae*. Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Dennis, Le Beau, Amiens, and Sir Oliver Martext were Shakespeare's own creation. The plot of *As You Like It* is in most points the same as that of *Rosalynde*, only it is much condensed. Shakespeare's alterations were made to emphasize character and sentiment

and to do away with the martial element so notable in Lodge's story. He modified the opening scenes between the two brothers, subordinating the physical conflict and hastening to introduce the love *motif*. Instead of fighting in a medieval tournament, at a king's court, Orlando was victor in a wrestling match. In the novel, the angry usurper banished both his daughter and his niece, but Shakespeare made Celia's voluntary exile a proof of her devotion to Rosalind. The incident of the struggle with the robbers who attempted to steal Alinda, and who were repulsed by Saladyne and Rosader, was omitted entirely. The restoration of the king to his throne through the warfare of the twelve peers was replaced by the simple expedient of having the usurping Duke abdicate for conscience' sake. Whatever he took, Shakespeare touched with spiritual power, infusing radiant mirth into the story, refining the characters, and making the whole atmosphere one of clear and vivid beauty.

*2. The Pastoral.*— Since Lodge was profoundly influenced by the pastorals of the day, it was chiefly through him that Shakespeare won his inspiration, yet there are other forces to be noted. The Renaissance gave impulse to the development of pastoral literature, which had, indeed, never really vanished since Theocritus first made idyllic the serene and joyous life of Sicilian shepherds. Obscure writers handed on the tradition, which flowered in Sannazzaro's *Arcadia* (1504), and stirred all literary Europe to imitation. It is impossible to say what acquaintance Shakespeare had with this type of literature; but there can be no doubt that he heard the foreign

pastorals discussed, and that he read many for himself in this period of the multiplication of romances, dramas, and lyrics depicting shepherd life.

*Daphnis and Chloe*, in Angel Day's version of 1587, Montemayor's *Diana*, in Young's version of 1598, Belleau's *Bergerie* (1571), Tasso's *Aminta* (1573), Guarini's *Pastor Fido* (1585), Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* (1579), Greene's *Menaphon* (1589), and Sidney's *Arcadia* (1590), as well as the Robin Hood plays of life in the greenwood, which were not strictly pastoral, were casting their glamor over young writers. "Good old Mantuan"<sup>1</sup> (fifteenth century) had been one of Shakespeare's classics at school. The English men of letters, affected by the inspiration from abroad, wrote, in a half-naïve, half-sophisticated style, of pastoral life, dwelling too insistently upon love, too little upon the lovers and their earthly habitation. They endeavored to portray nature, yet the soft and transparent atmosphere of their description is often remote from the sight of men. Instead of distinct images, they created conceits and subtleties. The manner so dear to the followers of Lyly's *Euphues* appears in these Elizabethan pastorals, in prose and verse alike. The pages abound in alliteration and antithesis, classical allusions, and comparisons based upon fabulous natural history. Sententious phrases issue oddly from the lips of courtly shepherds. Although Shakespeare was impressed by this style, which was especially marked in *Rosalynde*, he disdained its extravagance, and sought to avoid the artificial tone. His

<sup>1</sup> *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. 2, 94-102.

pastoral scenes have a homely rustic quality quite unlike the traditions of Renaissance pastorals. His shepherds are illiterate beings who do not lisp in dainty, pedantic phrases, but speak a plain, truly bucolic language. The Forest of Arden, though described only in casual fashion, with its tuft of olives, its palm, its lion, and its shady greenwood trees, is alluded to so vividly, so suggestively, and, withal, so realistically, that, forgetting its conventional origin, we see it as Shakespeare's own imaginative creation.

*Romantic Comedy.* — Romantic drama was the inevitable development of romance in the Elizabethan Era when men thronged the theaters. Metrical romances had flourished during the Middle Ages while professional minstrels sang to eager listeners; after the invention of printing made it possible for men to read for themselves, long prose romances became the fashion. Shakespeare, like his fellow dramatists, made free use of the marvellous adventures and excessive sentiment of romance, adapting the material for stage purposes, and shaping it to tragedy, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, or to comedy, as in *Twelfth Night*, *Pericles*, *The Tempest*, and *As You Like It*, which is an unequalled example of the new form. Here is revealed Shakespeare's swiftly-developing skill in stagecraft. He seized the important details of Lodge's romance, marshalling these to suit a thoroughly dramatic realism. The action is managed with full regard for picturesque effectiveness, as well as for the unfolding of plot and the revelation of character. In place of the somewhat lyrical speeches of his earlier plays, there is prose dialogue,



brisk and natural, yet overflowing with humor. But most significant in the management of material is the originality which was able to create a new type of comedy independent of the conventions of Plautus and Terence, superior to the farcical roughness of such comedy as *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, more genuinely human than Lyly's *Endimion* and other court plays. For this purpose the traditional matter of romance, — love, separation, disguise, adventure, magic, and final happiness, — was made the source of that blithe laughter awakened by beholding a world of happy chance. Not only in plot and setting are there true comic effects; the most distinctively Shakespearean humor lies in the portrayal of the reactions of character. Appropriating the types and vaguely-hinted individuality of Lodge's *dramatis personae*, he transformed them, through his intense imaginative energy, into unique and living beings who reveal themselves by speech and gesture as in real life. Surprises there are in the abrupt conversion of Oliver and of the usurping duke; but these are entirely suitable to romantic comedy, intent upon a happy conclusion, and in no way a sign that the dramatist was blind to genuine character development. Most obvious comic effect appears in the emphasis of character contrasts. These are manifest in such differences as those between Touchstone and Audrey, sometimes in more subtle shades, as those that separate Rosalind and Jaques, who are intellectually equal, but temperamentally worlds apart. The slow emotion of William, the mercurial moods of Touchstone, the pseudo-cynical humor of Jaques, the coquettish peevishness of Phebe, are revealed in full dramatic concreteness, moving the spectator to quickly vary-

ing kinds of mirth. All these, however, are subservient to the comic spirit of Rosalind. It is she whose swift perceptions make the characteristic humor of *As You Like It* finely intellectual. Seldom has dramatic irony of lighter type been so adroitly managed as here. From the moment she assumes her disguise, Rosalind never loses an opportunity for enjoying her double privilege. She counterfeits with inimitable grace, speaking absolute truth to those who never recognize it. She beguiles her lover, evades her father, and torments Phebe with all the buoyant vigor of her sparkling wit.

*Interpretation of Characters. 1. Rosalind.*—Rosalind is a character actually alive and feminine, one of the most effectively presented women in English literature. Her creation marks a very decided change from the lovely, lifeless heroines of old romance, for she possesses strength, power of taking the initiative, as well as beauty of character. There is something more than girlish sweetness in her nature, there is the habit of self-command and of courageous hopefulness. With Juliet, Beatrice, and some of the later heroines, she shares that alert, intuitive energy of mind which was to Shakespeare a distinct charm in feminine individuality. In the third scene of the first act, one of the finest of the play, we perceive the depth and earnestness of Rosalind's personality. It is her desire for intelligent, logical understanding of her uncle's action that leads to her spirited protest against his tyranny. Her greatest attractiveness, however, lies in her quick sensitiveness; she responds with passionate sympathy to the appeal of misfortune, yet she never loses her keen

and sure power of judgment. With all her flashing humor, she is, at heart, serious-minded, loyal, and inexpressibly tender.

**2. Jaques.** — In the opinion of many critics, Jaques appears to have an unduly prominent position in the drama, since his speeches do not help on the action. Yet Jaques is certainly next to Rosalind in vividness of portraiture, and one of the most interesting of Shakespeare's *dramatis personae*. He is the typical, self-conscious Elizabethan, to some degree a reflection of Shakespeare himself, disturbed by the manifold destinies of the human race, roused to piercing comment, though not to any effective deeds. So often has he been called a cynic that the generous instincts in his nature have been unappreciated. In that brave new world of the sixteenth century, so rich in material progress, so throbbing with appreciation of art and of Platonic idealism, there existed men who looked beneath the surface and saw the incongruities, the reverse sides of all that culture. Jaques was an acute moralist, contemptuous of the fashionable affectations, the selfishness of mankind. He brooded over the problems of life, — the inequalities between rich and poor, the cruel injustice toward the animal world, the mysteries of love, and man's unarrested progress from birth to death. Sharp as his invective is, it has tonic quality, for the man who utters it has no fatuous satisfaction with things as they are. Like all idealists, he is ill at ease in spirit, and, therefore, melancholy. His humor lacks the caressing playfulness of Rosalind's; it is premeditated satire, futile but earnest. In Jaques is a foreshadowing of Hamlet.

*Stage History.*— A tradition has been handed down by Oldys that one of Shakespeare's brothers recalled seeing Shakespeare act a part which was evidently that of Adam, but the story has dubious authority. Of the popularity of *As You Like It* upon the stage in the early seventeenth century we can only conjecture, for no records of performances are known. There is scant reason for connecting with the perverted taste of the Restoration period a play of such pure and radiant quality. In 1723 Charles Johnson succeeded in having produced at Drury Lane *Love in a Forest*, a literary motley based upon *As You Like It*, but drawing freely from *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. The story of Pyramus and Thisbe was taken bodily from its setting and introduced in the fifth act of the play to serve as an interlude for the entertainment of the Duke. Among other changes it is interesting to note that Celia was made the bride of Jaques. A revival of the real *As You Like It* came in 1740, when Mrs. Pritchard played Rosalind, and James Quin, Jaques, at Drury Lane. Since then, the play has continued a favorite on the English stage. The part of Rosalind has appealed to many distinguished actresses, but the parts of Orlando and Jaques have not proved equally attractive to comedians. It was while she was playing Rosalind, in 1751, that Peg Woffington was stricken, at Covent Garden, and left the stage forever. Mrs. Sarah Siddons played the part with great brilliancy and feeling, and Mrs. Jordan, who emphasized the element of boyish masquerade, was considered by some critics more charming even than Mrs. Siddons. Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) won an enthusiastic audience by her inter-

pretation ; Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Madge Robertson Kendal, Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, and Edith Wynne Matthison have kept the play in favor with the public. In Germany *As You Like It* has been very popular, especially in recent years. George Sand's *Comme Il Vous Plaire* was prepared for the French stage in 1856. The adaptation destroyed the vivacious naturalness of the dialogue, and made Jaques the lover of Celia, turning the comedy into a sententious work.





As You Like It

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }  
JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished Duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Roland de Boys.  
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }  
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }  
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*]



# As You Like It



## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I

[Orchard of Oliver's house.]

*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion : bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well ; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques 5  
he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept ; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that 10  
differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly

hir'd ; but I, his brother, gain nothing under 15  
 him but growth ; for the which his animals on  
 his dunghills are as much bound to him as I.  
 Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives  
 me, the something that nature gave me his coun-  
 tenance seems to take from me. He lets me 20  
 feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a broth-  
 er, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentil-  
 ity with my education. This is it, Adam, that  
 grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which  
 I think is within me, begins to mutiny against 25  
 this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though  
 yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter Oliver.*

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how  
 he will shake me up. 30

*Oli.* Now, sir ! what make you here ?

*Orl.* Nothing. I am not taught to make any  
 thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir ?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that 35  
 which God made, a poor unworthy brother of  
 yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught  
 awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with 40

them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

45

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me.

I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

50

*Oli.* What, boy!

55

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys. He was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast rail'd on thyself.

60

65

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please. You shall hear me.  
My father charg'd you in his will to give me 70  
good education. You have train'd me like a  
peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all  
gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my  
father grows strong in me, and I will no longer  
endure it; therefore allow me such exercises 75  
as may become a gentleman, or give me the  
poor allottery my father left me by testa-  
ment. With that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that  
is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not 80  
long be troubled with you; you shall have  
some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes  
me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog. 85

*Adam.* Is "old dog" my reward? Most true,  
I have lost my teeth in your service. God be  
with my old master! He would not have  
spoke such a word.

*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

*Oli.* Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? 90  
I will physic your rankness, and yet give no  
thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter Dennis.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me? 95

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship. 100

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three 105 or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, 110 be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She 115 is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle

than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke live ?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, 120  
and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 125

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke ?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, 130  
hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender ; and, 135  
for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in ; therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well 140  
as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly re-

quite. I had myself notice of my brother's 145  
purpose herein, and have by underhand means  
laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is  
resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stub-  
bornest young fellow of France; full of ambi-  
tion, an envious emulator of every man's good  
parts, a secret and villanous contriver against 150  
me his natural brother; therefore use thy dis-  
cretion. I had as lief thou didst break his  
neck as his finger. And thou wert best look  
to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace,  
or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, 155  
he will practise against thee by poison, en-  
trap thee by some treacherous device, and  
never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by  
some indirect means or other; for, I assure  
thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is 160  
not one so young and so villanous this day living.  
I speak but brotherly of him; but should I  
anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush  
and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. 165  
If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his pay-  
ment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never  
wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your  
worship! *Exit.*

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. — Now will I stir this  
gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for 170

my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. 175

180

*Exit.*

## SCENE II

[*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*]

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 5

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy 10



father for mine. So wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

15

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have ; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir ; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will ; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

20

25

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see ; what think you of falling in love ?

*Cel.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal. But love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

30

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then ?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

35

*Ros.* I would we could do so ; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true ; for those that she makes fair she

40

scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

45

*Enter Clown [Touchstone].*

*Cel.* No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

50

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

55

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

60

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

65

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 70

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 75

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were. 80  
But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard. 85

*Cel.* Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him. You'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days. 90

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the

little wit that fools have was silenced, the 95  
 little foolery that wise men have makes a great  
 show. Here comes Monsieur the Beau.

*Enter Le Beau.*

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their  
 young. 100

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more market-  
 able. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau. What's  
 the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good 105  
 sport.

*Cel.* Sport! Of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam? How shall I  
 answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will. 110

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decrees.

*Cel.* Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies. I would have 115  
 told you of good wrestling, which you have  
 lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if

it please your ladyships, you may see the 120  
end. For the best is yet to do : and here,  
where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and  
buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three 125  
sons, —

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old  
tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent  
growth and presence. 130

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, “Be it known unto  
all men by these presents.”

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with  
Charles, the Duke’s wrestler ; which Charles  
in a moment threw him, and broke three of his 135  
ribs, that there is little hope of life in him. So  
he serv’d the second, and so the third. Yon-  
der they lie ; the poor old man, their father,  
making such pitiful dole over them that all  
the beholders take his part with weeping. 140

*Ros.* Alas !

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the  
ladies have lost ?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day. It 145  
is the first time that ever I heard breaking  
of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 150

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 155

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke [Frederick], Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man? 160

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 165

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him. 170

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau. 200

*Duke F.* Do so ; I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princess 175  
calls for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challeng'd Charles  
the wrestler ?

*Orl.* No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger. 180  
I come but in, as others do, to try with him  
the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold  
for your years. You have seen cruel proof of  
this man's strength. If you saw yourself with 185  
your eyes, or knew yourself with your judge-  
ment, the fear of your adventure would coun-  
sel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray  
you, for your own sake, to embrace your own  
safety, and give over this attempt. 190

*Ros.* Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not  
therefore be misprised. We will make it our  
suit to the Duke that the wrestling might  
not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard 195  
thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty,  
to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing.  
But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go  
with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foil'd,  
there is but one sham'd that was never gra- 200

cious ; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 205

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well ! Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you ! 210

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you !

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

*Orl.* Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 215

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mock'd me before. But come your ways. 220

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man !

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *They wrestle.*

*Ros.* O excellent young man ! 225

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye I can tell who should down. *Shout.* [*Charles is thrown.*]



*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet  
well breath'd. 230

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young  
man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir  
Roland de Boys. 235

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man  
else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this  
deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house. 240

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

*Exeunt Duke [Fred., train, and Le Beau].*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,  
His youngest son, — and would not change that  
calling, 245

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind.  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties, 250

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
 Let us go thank him and encourage him.  
 My father's rough and envious disposition  
 Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd.  
 If you do keep your promises in love 255  
 But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,  
 Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,  
 [*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]  
 Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,  
 That could give more, but that her hand lacks  
 means.  
 Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better  
 parts 261  
 Are all thrown down, and that which here stands  
 up  
 Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back. My pride fell with my for-  
 tunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir? 265  
 Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
 More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you. Fare you well.

*Exeunt [Rosalind and Celia].*

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

*Re-enter Le Beau.*

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown ! 271

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Le Beau.* Good sir ; I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love, 275  
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The Duke is humorous : — what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir ; and, pray you, tell me this : 280  
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,  
That here was at the wrestling ?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-  
ners ;

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter.

The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke, 285

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle

To keep his daughter company ; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this Duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, 290

Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake ;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well. 295  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you ; fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,  
 From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother. 300  
 But heavenly Rosalind ! *Exit.*

### SCENE III

[*A room in the palace.*]

*Enter Celia and Rosalind.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin ! why, Rosalind ! Cupid have  
 mercy ! not a word ?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away  
 upon curs ; throw some of them at me. Come, 5  
 lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up, when the  
 one should be lam'd with reasons and the other  
 mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father ? 10

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father. O,  
 how full of briers is this working-day world !

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee

in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them. 15

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat. These burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem and have him. 20

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son? 25

*Ros.* The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly. 30

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando. 35

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*

*Ros.* Let me love him for that, and do you love

him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke. 40

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found 45  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your Grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires; 50  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, —  
As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your Highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors.  
If their purgation did consist in words, 55  
They are as innocent as grace itself.  
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.  
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's  
enough. 60

*Ros.* So was I when your Highness took his dukedom.  
So was I when your Highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord ;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me ? My father was no traitor. 65  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else she had with her father rang'd along. 70

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay ;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.  
I was too young that time to value her,  
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,  
Why so am I. We still have slept together, 75  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience 80

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more  
virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.

Firm and irrevocable is my doom 85

Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, 90  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin; 95  
Prithee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the Duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.  
Shall we be sund'red? Shall we part, sweet  
girl? 100

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go and what to bear with us;  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out; 105  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,



And with a kind of umber smirch my face.  
 The like do you. So shall we pass along 115  
 And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
 Because that I am more than common tall,  
 That I did suit me all points like a man?  
 A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
 A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart 120  
 Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —  
 We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
 As many other mannish cowards have  
 That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 125

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,  
 And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
 But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state:  
 No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
 The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
 Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.  
 Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, 135  
 And get our jewels and our wealth together,  
 Devise the fittest time and safest way  
 To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
 After my flight. Now go we in content 139  
 To liberty and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

## ACT SECOND

### SCENE I

[*The Forest of Arden.*]

*Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords,  
like foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, 5  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,  
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10  
That feelingly persuade me what I am."  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt, 15  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should in their own confines with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

*1. Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that; 26  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him as he lay along 30  
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
To the which place a poor sequest' red stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord, 35  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern  
coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, 40  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes. 45

First, for his weeping into the needless stream :

“Poor deer,” quoth he, “thou mak’st a testa-  
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much.” Then, being there  
alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends, 50

“’Tis right,” quoth he ; “thus misery doth part

The flux of company.” Anon a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him

And never stays to greet him. “Ay,” quoth

Jaques,

“Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. 55

’Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?”

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we 60

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what’s worse,

To fright the animals and to kill them up

In their assign’d and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contempla-  
tion?

2. *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting 65  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place.

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

1. *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*A room in the palace.*]

*Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?

It cannot be. Some villains of my court

Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, 5

Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early

They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2. *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone, 15

That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother. Fetch that gallant  
hither.

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;  
 I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,  
 And let not search and inquisition quail 20  
 To bring again these foolish runaways.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*Before Oliver's house.*]

*Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there ?

*Adam.* What, my young master ? O my gentle mas-  
 ter !

O my sweet master ! O you memory  
 Of old Sir Roland ! Why, what make you here ?  
 Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love  
 you ? 5

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?  
 Why would you be so fond to overcome  
 The bonny priser of the humorous Duke ?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men 10  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?

No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it ! 15

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter ?

*Adam.*

O unhappy youth !

Come not within these doors ! Within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives.

Your brother — no, no brother ; yet the son —

Yet not the son, I will not call him son, 20

Of him I was about to call his father, —

Hath heard your praises, and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie

And you within it. If he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off. 25

I overheard him and his practices.

This is no place ; this house is but a butchery.

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do ;

Yet this I will not do, do how I can. 35

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold. 45  
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant.  
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50  
 The means of weakness and debility;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities. 55

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60  
 And having that do choke their service up  
 Even with the having. It is not so with thee.  
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. 65  
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together,  
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70  
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore



Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,  
 But at fourscore it is too late a week ;  
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 75  
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

[*The Forest of Arden.*]

*Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and  
 Clown, alias Touchstone.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were  
 not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's  
 apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must 5  
 comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose  
 ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ;  
 therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no  
 further. 10

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you  
 than bear you. Yet I should bear no cross if  
 I did bear you, for I think you have no money  
 in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden. 15

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden, the more fool I.  
 When I was at home, I was in a better place ;  
 but travellers must be content.

*Enter Corin and Silvius.*

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you,  
 who comes here ; a young man and an old in 20  
 solemn talk.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

*Cor.* I partly guess ; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess, 25  
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.

But if thy love were ever like to mine, —

As sure I think did never man love so —

How many actions most ridiculous 30

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !  
 If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into, 35

Thou hast not lov'd ;

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd ;

Or if thou hast not broke from company 40

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

*Exit.*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own. 45

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in  
love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid  
him take that for coming a-night to Jane  
Smile ; and I remember the kissing of her bat-  
let and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt 50  
hands had milk'd ; and I remember the woo-  
ing of a peascod instead of her ; from whom I  
took two cods and, giving her them again, said  
with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake."  
We that are true lovers run into strange 55  
capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all  
nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit  
till I break my shins against it. 60

*Ros.* Jove, Jove ! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine ; but it grows something stale with  
me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man  
If he for gold will give us any food. 65  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown !

*Ros.* Peace, fool ; he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls ?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all. 70

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed  
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her, 75

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her ;

But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.

My master is of churlish disposition, 80

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing 85

That you will feed on ; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing. 90

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it. 95

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold.  
Go with me. If you like upon report  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. 100  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.*

## SONG.

[*Ami.*] Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither ! 5  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur 10  
*Jaques.*

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you. 15

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me ; I do desire you to sing. Come, more ; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas ?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names ; they owe me nothing. Will you sing ?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you ; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes ; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold your tongues. 25 30

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while ; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he ; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come. 35

## SONG.

*All together here.*

Who doth ambition shun, 40  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
 Here shall he see 45  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made  
 yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it. 50

*Jaq.* Thus it goes : —

If it do come to pass  
 That any man turn ass,  
 Leaving his wealth and ease  
 A stubborn will to please, 55  
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame !  
 Here shall he see  
 Gross fools as he,  
 An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that "ducdame" ? 60

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a  
 circle. I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll  
 rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the Duke ; his banquet is 64  
prepared. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI

[*The Forest.*]*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further. O, I  
die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure  
out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in  
thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer 5  
thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield  
any thing savage, I will either be food for it or  
bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer  
death than thy powers. For my sake be com-  
fortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end. 10  
I will here be with thee presently ; and if I  
bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee  
leave to die ; but if thou diest before I come,  
thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said !  
thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with thee 15  
quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air.  
Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and  
thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there  
live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good  
Adam ! *Exeunt.*



## SCENE VII

[*The forest.*]

[*A table set out.*] *Enter Duke senior, [Amiens] and Lords, like outlaws.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast,  
For I can no where find him like a man.

*1. Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence.  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical, 5  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  
Go, seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter Jaques.*

*1. Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is  
this, 9

That your poor friends must woo your company ?  
What, you look merrily !

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool. A miserable world !  
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, 15  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.  
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth  
he,

“Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.”

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, “It is ten o’clock.

Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the world wags.

’Tis but an hour ago since it was nine ;

And after one hour more ’twill be eleven ; 25

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;

And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30

That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool !

A worthy fool ! Motley’s the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this ? 35

*Jaq.* O worthy fool ! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it ; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm’d

With observation, the which he vents 41

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit ; —  
 Provided that you weed your better judgements  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them 46  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have ;  
 And they that are most galled with my folly, 50  
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they  
 so ?

The “why” is plain as way to parish church.  
 He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 [Not to] seem senseless of the bob ; if not, 55  
 The wise man’s folly is anatomiz’d  
 Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
 Invest me in my motley. Give me leave  
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, 60  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee ! I can tell what thou wouldst  
 do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good ?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.  
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine, 65  
 As sensual as the brutish sting itself ;  
 And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride, 70  
 That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?  
 What woman in the city do I name,  
 When that I say the city-woman bears 75  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
 Who can come in and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she such is her neighbour?  
 Or what is he of basest function,  
 That says his bravery is not on my cost, 80  
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 There then; how then? what then? Let me see  
 wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free, 85  
 Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,  
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter Orlando [with his sword drawn].*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of? 90

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny point  
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show 95  
 Of smooth civility. Yet am I inland bred  
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.  
 He dies that touches any of this fruit  
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answer'd with reason, I 100  
 must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness  
 shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our  
 table. 105

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.  
 I thought that all things had been savage here,  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are  
 That in this desert inaccessible 110  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days,  
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast, 115  
 If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear  
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;  
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days, 120  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red ;  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness  
 And take upon command what help we have 125  
 That to your wanting may be minist'red.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn  
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step 130  
 Limp'd in pure love. Till he be first suffic'd,  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return. 134

*Orl.* I thank ye ; and be blest for your good com-  
 fort ! [Exit.]

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.  
 This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players. 140  
 They have their exits and their entrances,  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. 144

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, 150  
 Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut, 155  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side, 159  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion, 165  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,  
 And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need ;  
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. 170  
*Duke S.* Welcome ; fall to. I will not trouble you  
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes.  
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

## SONG.

[*Ami.*] Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind 175  
 As man's ingratitude ;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly. 180  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot ;  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend rememb'ed not.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing, etc. 190

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Roland's son,  
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,



And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke 195  
That lov'd your father. The residue of your  
fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand. 200

*Exeunt.*



## ACT THIRD

### SCENE I

[*A room in the palace.*]

*Enter Duke [Frederick], Oliver, and Lords.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it.  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is. 5  
Seek him with candle! Bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, 10  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O that your Highness knew my heart in this!  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push him out of  
doors; 15  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands.  
Do this expediently and turn him going. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*The forest.*]*Enter Orlando [with a paper].*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love ;  
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey  
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.  
 O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,           5  
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;  
 That every eye which in this forest looks  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
 Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.           10

*Exit.**Enter Corin and Clown [Touchstone].*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master  
 Touchstone ?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is  
 a good life ; but in respect that it is a shep-  
 herd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is  
 solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect   15  
 that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now,  
 in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ;  
 but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedi-  
 ous. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my  
 humour well ; but as there is no more plenty   20

in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred. 25

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? 30

*Cor.* No, truly. 35

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope.

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason. 40

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 45

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country

is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds. 50

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy. 55

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard. 60

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet. 65

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. 70

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! Thou art raw. 75

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat,  
 get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no  
 man's happiness, glad of other men's good, con-  
 tent with my harm, and the greatest of my pride 80  
 is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you, to bring  
 the ewes and the rams together, and to offer  
 to get your living by the copulation of cattle ;  
 to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a 85  
 she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated,  
 old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable  
 match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the  
 devil himself will have no shepherds. I can-  
 not see else how thou shouldst scape. 90

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my  
 new mistress's brother.

*Enter Rosalind [with a paper, reading].*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,  
 No jewel is like Rosalind.  
 Her worth, being mounted on the wind, 95  
 Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
 All the pictures fairest lin'd  
 Are but black to Rosalind.  
 Let no face be kept in mind  
 But the fair of Rosalind. 100

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together,

dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool! 105

*Touch.* For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,  
 Let him seek out Rosalind.  
 If the cat will after kind,  
 So be sure will Rosalind. 110  
 Wint' red garments must be lin'd,  
 So must slender Rosalind.  
 They that reap must sheaf and bind,  
 Then to cart with Rosalind.  
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind, 115  
 Such a nut is Rosalind.  
 He that sweetest rose will find,  
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them? 120

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar. 125

*Touch.* You have said ; but whether wisely or no,  
let the forest judge. 130

*Enter Celia, with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace !  
Here comes my sister, reading ; stand aside.

*Cel.* [*Reads.*] Why should this a desert be ?  
For it is unpeopled ? No !  
Tongues I'll hang on every tree, 135  
That shall civil sayings show :  
Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage,  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age ; 140  
Some, of violated vows  
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend ;  
But upon the fairest boughs,  
Or at every sentence end,  
Will I Rosalinda write, 145  
Teaching all that read to know  
The quintessence of every sprite  
Heaven would in little show.  
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd  
That one body should be fill'd 150  
With all graces wide-enlarg'd.  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty,



Atalanta's better part, 155  
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts  
 By heavenly synod was devis'd ;  
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches dearest priz'd. 160

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle pulpiter ! what tedious homily  
 of love have you wearied your parishioners  
 withal, and never cri'd "Have patience, good 165  
 people !"

*Cel.* How now ! Back, friends ! Shepherd, go  
 off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honour-  
 able retreat ; though not with bag and bag- 170  
 gage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

*Exeunt [Corin and Touchstone].*

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses ?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more, too ; for  
 some of them had in them more feet than the  
 verses would bear. 175

*Cel.* That's no matter. The feet might bear the  
 verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame and could not  
 bear themselves without the verse, and there-  
 fore stood lamely in the verse. 180

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. 185

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man? 190

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I prithee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter. 195

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 200

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak 205

apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. 210

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly. 215

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin. 220

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant. 225

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando. 230

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? 235  
How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first. 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 240

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. But take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn. 245

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. 250

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground. 255

*Cel.* Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. 260

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden. Thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Enter Orlando and Jaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft! comes he not 265  
here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good  
faith, I had as lief have been myself  
alone. 270

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I  
thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God buy you; let's meet as little as we  
can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers. 275

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing  
love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with  
reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name? 280

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when  
she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of? 285

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you  
not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives,  
and conn'd them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted 290  
cloth, from whence you have studied your  
questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit. I think 'twas made  
of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with  
me? and we two will rail against our mis- 295  
tress the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but my-  
self, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in  
love. 300

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best  
virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I  
found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook. Look but in, and 305  
you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell,  
good Signior Love. 310

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good  
Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

*Ros.* [*Aside to Celia.*] I will speak to him like a  
saucy lackey, and under that habit play the  
knave with him. Do you hear, forester? 315

*Orl.* Very well. What would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock. 320

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper? 325

*Ros.* By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal? 330

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd. If the interim be but a se'n-night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year. 335

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal. 340

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows ; for though he go 345  
as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too  
soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation ; for they sleep 350  
between term and term, and then they per-  
ceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in  
the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a  
petticoat. 355

*Orl.* Are you native of this place ?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is  
kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could  
purchase in so removed a dwelling. 360

*Ros.* I have been told so of many ; but indeed an  
old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak,  
who was in his youth an inland man ; one that  
knew courtship too well, for there he fell in  
love. I have heard him read many lectures 365  
against it, and I thank God I am not a woman,  
to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as  
he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils  
that he laid to the charge of women ? 370

*Ros.* There were none principal ; they were all like  
one another as half-pence are, every one fault



seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them. 375

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. 380

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you, 385  
tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 390

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having 395  
in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe unti'd, and every thing about you demonstrat-

ing a careless desolation. But you are no 400  
such man ; you are rather point-device in your  
accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming  
the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe  
I love. 405

*Ros.* Me believe it ! you may as soon make her  
that you love believe it ; which, I warrant,  
she is apter to do than to confess she does.  
That is one of the points in the which women  
still give the lie to their consciences. But, in 410  
good sooth, are you he that hangs the  
verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so  
admired ?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of  
Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he. 415

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes  
speak ?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how  
much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, 420  
deserves as well a dark house and a whip as  
madmen do ; and the reason why they are  
not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy  
is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.  
Yet I profess curing it by counsel. 425

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so ?

*Ros.* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to

imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him  
 every day to woo me; at which time would  
 I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effem- 430  
 inate, changeable, longing and liking, proud,  
 fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of  
 tears, full of smiles; for every passion some-  
 thing and for no passion truly any thing, as  
 boys and women are for the most part cattle 435  
 of this colour; would now like him, now loathe  
 him; then entertain him, then forswear him;  
 now weep for him, then spit at him; that I  
 drave my suitor from his mad humour of love  
 to a living humour of madness; which was, to  
 forswear the full stream of the world and to 440  
 live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I  
 cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to  
 wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's  
 heart, that there shall not be one spot of love  
 in't. 445

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me  
 Rosalind and come every day to my cote and  
 woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me  
 where it is. 450

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and  
 by the way you shall tell me where in the forest  
 you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth. 455

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. *Come,*  
sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

## SCENE III

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey; Jaques [behind].*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch  
up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey,  
am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature  
content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what 5  
features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the  
most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among  
the Goths.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse 10  
than Jove in a thatch'd house!

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood,  
nor a man's good wit seconded with the for-  
ward child, understanding, it strikes a man  
more dead than a great reckoning in a little 15  
room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee  
poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it  
honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign. 20

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical ?

*Touch.* I do, truly ; for thou swearest to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign. 25

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest ?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd ; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 30

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] A material fool !

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish. 35

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness ! Sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us. 45

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy !

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt ; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly 50  
but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods." Right ; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife ; 'tis none of his own getting. 55  
Horns? — even so. Poor men alone? No, no ; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No : as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man 60  
more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor ; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir Oliver Martext.*

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here 65  
under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage  
is not lawful. 70

*Jaq.* Proceed, proceed. I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't;  
how do you, sir? You are very well met.  
God 'ild you for your last company. I am  
very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here,  
sir. Nay, pray be cover'd. 75

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his  
curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his  
desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would  
be nibbling. 80

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding,  
be married under a bush like a beggar? Get  
you to church, and have a good priest that can  
tell you what marriage is. This fellow will  
but join you together as they join wainscot;  
then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and  
like green timber warp, warp. 85 90

*Touch.* [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were  
better to be married of him than of another;  
for he is not like to marry me well; and not  
being well married, it will be a good excuse  
for me hereafter to leave my wife. 95

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.  
Farewell, good Master Oliver : not, — 100

O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee ;  
but, —

Wind away, 105  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical knave  
of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me ; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee ; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep ?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire ; therefore 5  
weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's. Marry,  
his kisses are Judas's own children. 10



*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour. Your chestnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread. 15

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 20

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut. 25

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in. 30

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* "Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father. 35

*Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday and had much

question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? 40

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here? 45

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress. 50

*Cel.* Well, and what of him? 55

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. 60

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V

[*Another part of the forest:*]

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me ; do not, Phebe.  
 Say that you love me not, but say not so  
 In bitterness. The common executioner,  
 Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes  
     hard,  
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck      5  
 But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be  
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin [behind].*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner.  
 I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
 Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye :    10  
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
 That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,  
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers !  
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;    15  
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill  
     thee.  
 Now counterfeit to swoon ; why, now fall down ;  
 Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers !

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in  
thee. 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it ; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine  
eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, 25  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
If ever — as that ever may be near —  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible 30  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time  
Come not thou near me ; and when that time  
comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you ? Who might be your  
mother, 35  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched ? What though you have no  
beauty, —  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed —  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ? 40

Why, what means this? Why do you look on,  
me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too!

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it. 45

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow  
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain? 50

You are a thousand times a properer man

Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatter her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper 55

Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your  
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can; you are not for all markets. 60

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo. 65

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me? 70

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine. Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by. 75

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud. Though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. 80

*Exeunt [Rosalind, Celia, and Corin].*

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, —

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius. 85

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love. Is not that neighbourly? 90

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me, 95

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace, 100

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then

A scatt'rd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-  
while? 105

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well. 110

But what care I for words? Yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth; not very pretty;

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes

him.

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him 115  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall.  
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well.

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the  
difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near 125

To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him,

For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair  
black ; 130

And, now I am rememb' red, scorn'd at me.

I marvel why I answer'd not again.

But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ? 135

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head and in my heart.

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius.

*Exeunt.*



## ACT FOURTH

### SCENE I

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.*

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are 5  
abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, 10  
which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is 15  
all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects ; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness — 20

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 25

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Enter Orlando.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Orl.* Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind! 30

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. *Exit.*

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. 35

*Orl.* Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 40

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole. 45

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him. 55

*Orl.* What's that? cut

*Ros.* Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife. 60

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind. 65

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. cut

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 70

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good 75  
 orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss. ]

*Orl.* How if the kiss be deni'd?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter. 80

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. 85

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 90

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, 95

and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year though 100  
 Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found 105  
 it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me. 110

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind. 115

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou? 120

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. 125  
 What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry ~~us~~.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, "Will you, Orlando," —

*Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this 130  
Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, 135  
for wife."

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but  
I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.  
There's a girl goes before the priest; and cer- 140  
tainly a woman's thought runs before her  
actions. CELIA — EXIT

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her  
after you have possess'd her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day. 145

*Ros.* Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no,  
Orlando. Men are April when they woo,  
December when they wed; maids are May  
when they are maids, but the sky changes when  
they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee 150  
than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more  
clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-  
fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires

than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry. I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep. 155

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise. 160

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 165

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 170

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool! 175

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 180

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

*Orl.* I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again. 185

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 190

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 200

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu.

*Exit [Orlando].*

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and 205



hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in 210  
love! But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 215

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in 220  
love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*A Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the

deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of 5  
victory. Have you no song, forester, for this  
purpose?

[1.] *For.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune,  
so it make noise enough. 10

SONG.

*Music.*

[1.] *For.* What shall he have that killed the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born; 15

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two  
o'clock? And here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled  
brain, (*Enter Silvius*) he hath ta'en his bow

and arrows and is gone forth — to sleep.  
Look, who comes here. 5

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth ;  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.  
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10  
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter  
And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.  
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners. 15  
She calls me proud, and that she could not love  
me,  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will !  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.  
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device. 20

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents.  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand ; she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-coloured hand. I verily did think 25  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;  
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter.  
I say she never did invent this letter.  
This is a man's invention and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers. 30

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers. Why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect 35  
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet ;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*]

“Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?”

Can a woman rail thus ?

*Sil.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* [*Reads.*]

“Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?” 45

Did you ever hear such railing ?

“Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.”

Meaning me a beast.

“If the scorn of your bright eyne 50  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect !

Whiles you chid me, I did love ;  
 How then might your prayers move ! 55  
 He that brings this love to thee  
 Little knows this love in me ;  
 And by him seal up thy mind,  
 Whether that thy youth and kind  
 Will the faithful offer take 60  
 Of me and all that I can make ;  
 Or else by him my love deny,  
 And then I'll study how to die."

*Sil.* Call you this chiding ?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd ! 65

*Ros.* Do you pity him ? No, he deserves no pity.  
 Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to  
 make thee an instrument and play false strains  
 upon thee ! Not to be endur'd ! Well, go  
 your way to her — for I see love hath made 70  
 thee a tame snake — and say this to her : that  
 if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she  
 will not, I will never have her unless thou en-  
 treat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and  
 not a word ; for here comes more company. 75

*Exit Silvius.*

*Enter Oliver.*

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,  
 Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
 A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees ?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour  
bottom.

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream 80  
Left on your right hand brings you to the  
place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description ; 85  
Such garments and such years. "The boy is  
fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister ; the woman low,  
And browner than her brother." Are not you  
The owner of the house I did enquire for ? 90

*Cel.* It is no boast being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

*Ros.* I am. What must we understand by this ? 95

*Oli.* Some of my shame, if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
'This handkercher was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you  
He left a promise to return again 100  
Within an hour ; and pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,



*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so ;  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 130  
 Made him give battle to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling  
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

*Cel.* Are you his brother ?

*Ros.* Was't you he rescu'd ?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill  
 him ? 135

*Oli.* 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I. I do not shame  
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin ?

*Oli.* By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two 140  
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
 As how I came into that desert place, —  
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,  
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
 Committing me unto my brother's love ; 145  
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
 Which all this while had bled ; and now he  
 fainted  
 And cri'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150  
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;



And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
 To tell this story, that you might excuse  
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin, 155  
 Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede! 160

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You  
 lack a man's heart. 165

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body  
 would think this was well counterfeited! I  
 pray you, tell your brother how well I counter-  
 feited. Heigh-ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit. There is too great 170  
 testimony in your complexion that it was a  
 passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

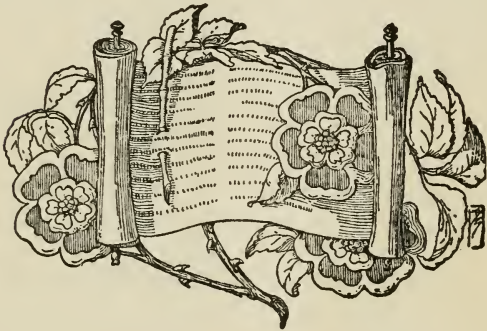
*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit  
 to be a man. 175

*Ros.* So I do. But, i' faith, I should have been a  
 woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler. Pray you,  
draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back 180  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something; but, I pray you,  
commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you  
go? *Exeunt.*



## ACT FIFTH

### SCENE I

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you. 5

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean. 10

*Enter William.*

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey. 15

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head,  
cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd.  
How old are you, friend? 20

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Was't born i' the forest  
here? 25

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* "Thank God" — a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* "So so" is good, very good, very excellent  
good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art 30  
thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remem-  
ber a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise,  
but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." 35  
The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire  
to eat a grape, would open his lips when he  
put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that  
grapes were made to eat and lips to open.  
You do love this maid? 40

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have;  
for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being 45

pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he : now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir? 50

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon — which is in the vulgar leave — the society — which in the boorish is company — of this female — which in the common is woman ; which together is, 55  
abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, 60  
or in bastinado, or in steel. I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways : therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William. 65

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir. *Exit.*

*Enter Corin.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away !

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey ! trip, Audrey ! I attend, I attend.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II

[The forest.]

*Enter Orlando and Oliver.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing you should love her? And loving woo? And, wooing, she should grant? And will you perse-  
5

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor [her] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we  
10  
may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter Rosalind.*

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be  
15  
to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother 20

*Oli.* And you, fair sister *Exit.*

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion. 25

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher? 30

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love and they will together. Clubs cannot part them. 35 40 45

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the

more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for. 50

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking. 55

*Ros.* I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger. 60  
65  
70  
75

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,



though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array ; bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will. 81

*Enter Silvius and Phebe.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have. It is my study 85  
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;  
Look upon him, love him. He worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears ; 90  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service ; 95  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy. 100

All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance ;

And so am I for Phebe. 105

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love  
you ? 110

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love  
you ?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love  
you ?

*Ros.* Why do you speak too, "Why blame you me  
to love you ?" 115

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howl-  
ing of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To*  
*Sil.*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phe.*] I 120  
would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet  
me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry  
you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be mar-  
ried to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if  
ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married 125  
to-morrow. [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if  
what pleases you contents you, and you shall be  
married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love  
Rosalind, meet. [*To Sil.*] As you love Phebe,  
meet. And as I love no woman, I'll meet. 130  
So, fare you well. I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ;  
to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope  
it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman  
of the world. Here come two of the banish'd  
Duke's pages. 5

*Enter two Pages.*

*1. Page.* Well met, honest gentlemen.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and  
a song.

*2. Page.* We are for you. Sit i' the middle. 10

*1. Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without  
hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse,  
which are the only prologues to a bad  
voice ?

*2. Page.* I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like  
two gipsies on a horse. 15

## SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time, 20  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 These pretty country folks would lie, 25  
 In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that a life was but a flower  
 In spring time, &c. 30

And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there 35  
 was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note  
 was very untuneable.

1. *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir. We kept time,  
 we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time 40  
lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy  
you — and God mend your voices! Come,  
Audrey. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

[*The forest.*]

*Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver,  
and Celia.*

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they  
fear.

*Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd. 5  
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke. S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with  
her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring  
her.

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king. 10

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

*Phe.* So is the bargain. 15

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your  
daughter ;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter ; 20

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd ;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me ; and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. 25

*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him  
Methought he was a brother to your daughter.  
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30  
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter Clown [Touchstone] and Audrey.*

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and 35  
these couples are coming to the ark. Here

comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all !

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome. This 40  
is the motley-minded gentleman that I have  
so often met in the forest. He hath been a  
courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to 45  
my purgation. I have trod a measure ; I  
have flatt'rd a lady ; I have been politic  
with my friend, smooth with mine enemy ; I  
have undone three tailors ; I have had four  
quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up ? 50

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was  
upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause ? Good my lord, like  
this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well. 55

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir ; I desire you of the like.  
I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the  
country copulatives, to swear and to forswear,  
according as marriage binds and blood breaks.  
A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, 60  
but mine own. A poor humour of mine, sir,  
to take that that no man else will. Rich hon-  
esty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as  
your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious. 65

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause, — how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed, — bear your body more seeming, Audrey, — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lie: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 75 80 85

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords and parted. 90



*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If. 95 100 105

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool. 110

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*

*Still Music.*

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together. 115

Good Duke, receive thy daughter.  
 Hymen from heaven brought her,  
     Yea, brought her hither,  
 That thou mightst join her hand with his      120  
 Whose heart within his bosom is.

*Ros.* [*To the Duke.*] To you I give myself, for I am  
     yours.

[*To Or.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daugh-  
     ter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind. 125

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
     Why then, my love adieu !

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he ;  
     I'll have no husband, if you be not he ;  
 Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.      130

*Hym.* Peace, ho ! I bar confusion.  
     'Tis I must make conclusion  
     Of these most strange events.  
 Here's eight that must take bands  
 To join in Hymen's bands,      135  
     If truth holds true contents.  
 You and you no cross shall part ;  
 You and you are heart in heart ;  
 You to his love must accord,  
 Or have a woman to your lord ;      140

You and you are sure together,  
 As the winter to foul weather.  
 Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
 Feed yourselves with questioning ;  
 That reason wonder may diminish, 145  
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

## SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown  
 O blessed bond of board and bed !  
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;  
 High wedlock then be honoured. 150  
 Honour, high honour, and renown,  
 To Hymen, god of every town !

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me !  
 Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

*Phe.* I will not eat my word, now thou art mine ; 155  
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother [Jaques de Boys].*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two.  
 I am the second son of old Sir Roland,  
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.  
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 160  
 Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
 Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,  
 In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here and put him to the sword ;  
 And to the skirts of this wild wood he came, 165  
 Where meeting with an old religious man,  
 After some question with him, was converted  
 Both from his enterprise and from the world ;  
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
 And all their lands restor'd to them again 170  
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
 I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man ;  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :  
 To one his lands withheld ; and to the other  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. 175  
 First, in this forest let us do those ends  
 That here were well begun and well begot ;  
 And after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with  
 us,  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 180  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,  
 And fall into our rustic revelry.  
 Play, music ! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures  
 fall. 185

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,  
 The Duke hath put on a religious life  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court ?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I. Out of these convertites 190

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath ;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it :

[*To Orl.*] You to a love, that your true faith doth  
merit :

[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and great  
allies : 195

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed :

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling ; for thy loving  
voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. So, to your  
pleasures ;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I. What you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed. We will begin these  
rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance.*] *Exeunt.*



[EPILOGUE]

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'd not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. 5  
10  
15  
20

*Exit.*

## Notes

The title of the play may have been suggested by the phrase in Lodge's preface, "to the Gentlemen Readers": "If you like it so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favour."

The list of *Dramatis Personæ* was added by Rowe in 1709. The division into acts and scenes is that of the First Folio. The notes of place were added by later editors.

**Act First.** 1-27. Shakespeare's prose style has many of the typical traits of Elizabethan affectation. The plays upon words, antithesis, alliteration, and the frequent appearance of ellipsis, inversion, and parenthetical phrases prove confusing to a modern reader.

I. i. 2. poor a thousand crowns. A common transposition of the adjective.

I. i. 3. charged my brother, on his blessing. It was imposed upon my brother as a trust, on condition of keeping his father's blessing.

I. i. 6. school. University. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. ii. 113.

I. i. 19. his countenance. His attitude, treatment.

I. i. 22. mines my gentility with my education. Undermines my gentle birth by imperfect education.

I. i. 31. what make you here? What do you here?

I. i. 58. villain. Oliver means rascal, but Orlando willfully understands peasant.

I. i. 90. **grow upon me.** Increase in strength at my expense. Evidently to be taken in connection with *rankness*.

I. i. 115. **died to stay behind.** Died if she had stayed behind.

I. i. 120. **forest of Arden.** Lodge's forest of Arden was probably derived from the forest of Ardennes in Flanders. There was, also, a forest of Arden in Warwickshire.

I. i. 122. **old Robin Hood.** The first known allusion in literature to Robin Hood is in *Piers Plowman*, B text, Passus V. 402. Since then many ballads, plays, and romances have pictured the life of the outlaw and his merry men in Sherwood's forest. Two plays with Robin Hood as hero, *The Death* and *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon* by Munday and Chettle, were acted at about the same time as *As You Like It*.

I. i. 125. **golden world.** The fabulous Golden Age of perfect simplicity.

I. i. 155. **grace himself on thee.** Win grace by means of thee.

I. i. 173. **of all sorts.** By all classes.

I. ii. 18. **but I.** The use of the nominative instead of the accusative, as well as carelessness in regard to the number in verbs, and similar matters, is common in the Elizabethan age.

I. ii. 34. **the good housewife Fortune from her wheel.** In mediæval literature references are frequently made to Fortune's wheel. They occur repeatedly in Chaucer's works. Fortune is usually represented as a blind woman seated upon a stool, and turning a wheel before her.



I. ii. 91. **whipp'd for taxation.** Whipped for invective. Whipping was a usual punishment for professional fools.

I. ii. 106. **sport.** It has been suggested that Le Beau affectedly pronounced this as *spot*.

I. ii. 112. **laid on with a trowel.** Spoken extravagantly.

I. ii. 131. **bills on their necks.** Bills were weapons used by foresters. Rosalind swiftly changes *bills* to mean a legal document bearing the conventional phrase which permits another pun on *presence*.

I. ii. 149. **broken music.** Concert music, arranged for different instruments.

I. ii. 268. **Have with you.** I will be with you.

I. ii. 284. **the taller is his daughter.** In I. iii. 117, Shakespeare, following Lodge, contradicts this. Cf. also IV. iii. 88.

I. iii. 77. **Juno's swans.** Venus, not Juno, was drawn by swans.

I. iii. 130. **Aliena.** Furness and Rolfe prefer the pronunciation *Ali'e'na*; other critics believe that *Ali'ena* is better suited to the metre.

**Act Second. i. 5. the penalty of Adam.** One of the penalties of Adam was exile from the Garden where universal summer reigned.

II. i. 13. **like the toad.** *Euphues* says, "The foule Toade hath a faire stone in his head." Such similes based upon popular superstition were common at this time, and also in the literature of the Middle Ages.

II. i. 26. **Jaques.** This name was probably a monosyllable, pronounced *Jakes*; *Jaq-wes*, however, is now the established usage.

II. iv. 12. **bear no cross.** A pun. In that day there was a piece of money called a *cross*.

II. iv. 59. *ware of.* A quibble between *aware* and *beware*.

II. v. 32. *cover the while.* Meanwhile prepare the table for the feast.

II. v. 49. *in despite of my invention.* To show scorn for my poor imagination.

II. v. 60. *what's that "ducdame"?* Nonsense improvised for the sake of rousing curiosity. Critics have vainly tried to explain the etymology of *ducdame*.

II. v. 63. *I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.* Cf. *Exodus*, xi. 5.

II. vii. 5. *compact of jars.* Composed of discords.

II. vii. 6. *discord of the spheres.* Shakespeare makes frequent allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine that the spheres in their revolution make music. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 60, *Pericles*, V. i. 231, *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 121.

II. vii. 13. *a motley fool.* A fool clad in the professional parti-colored dress.

II. vii. 70. *who cries out on pride, etc.* How can one who rails against a general sin censure an individual sinner?

II. vii. 73. *the wearer's very means do ebb.* The extravagant cost of finery exhausts the wearer's means.

II. vii. 80. *his bravery is not on my cost.* His finery is not purchased at my expense.

II. vii. 96. *inland-bred.* Men living on frontiers were, perforce, fighters, while men in cities had leisure for courtesies.

II. vii. 125. *upon command.* At your will.

II. vii. 158. *pantaloon.* Pantalone was a stock charac-

ter on the Italian stage. He was represented as a decrepit old man, shuffling about in slippers.

Act Third. i. 6. Seek him with candle. Cf. *Luke* xv. 8.

III. i. 16, 17. let my officers of such a nature. Let my officers, whose duty it is, seize and appraise his house and lands.

III. ii. 2. thrice-crowned queen of night. Diana, goddess of the chase, was worshipped also as Selene, goddess of Heaven, and as Hecate, goddess of the underworld.

III. ii. 75. God make incision in thee. Refers, perhaps, to the practice of bleeding patients.

III. ii. 103. right butter-woman's rank to market. The very gait of butter-women riding together to market.

III. ii. 106. for a taste. For a sample.

III. ii. 119. false gallop. Referring to the habit of some horses who lift the wrong foot first in galloping.

III. ii. 125. medlar. A fruit somewhat like a small pear, eaten when it is very soft.

III. ii. 136. civil sayings. Sober, grave speeches; *civil* also carries the suggestion of civilization as opposed to the desert.

III. ii. 155. Atalanta's better part. Critics have been puzzled by this phrase. The worse part of Atalanta was her cold-heartedness; the better, her beauty of face and figure.

III. ii. 187. Pythagoras' time. When the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was taught.

III. ii. 188. Irish rat. Alluding to a belief of the period. Jonson's *Poetaster* has a line, "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats."

III. ii. 203. out of all whooping. Beyond all exclamation.

III. ii. 204. good my complexion. Let me not blush.

III. ii. 238. Gargantua's mouth. A famous giant who found five pilgrims a comfortable mouthful. His story appears in Rabelais' *Gargantua*.

III. ii. 249. Jove's tree. The oak was sacred to Jove.

III. ii. 289. conn'd them out of rings. Learned the mottoes engraved on rings.

III. ii. 290. right painted cloth. Tapestries and hangings were frequently merely painted cloth, ornamented with figures and moral sayings.

II. ii. 362. religious uncle. Uncle belonging to a religious order.

III. ii. 389. cage of rushes. Cage lightly made.

III. ii. 392. blue eye. Darkened under the lids.

III. ii. 395. your having in beard, etc. Your beard is as slight as the inheritance of a younger son. *Having* means possession.

III. ii. 443. liver. Believed, then, to be the seat of the passions, especially love.

III. iii. 1. Audrey. A contraction of Etheldreda.

III. iii. 7. goats, etc. Touchstone puns in his use of *capricious* (*capra*, a goat), and *Goths* (pronounced *Gotes*). Ovid, the Latin poet, was banished to the country of the Getæ.

III. iii. 11. Jove in a thatched house. Alluding to the fabled reception of Jove by Baucis and Philemon.

III. iii. 43. Sir Oliver. Members of the clergy were given the title of *dominus*, *sir*, during this period. Cf. the Scotch *dominie* of to-day.

III. iv. 7. of the dissembling colour. In that era people with reddish hair were supposed to be of a deceitful nature.

III. iv. 9. browner than Judas's. In old paintings and tapestries Judas was usually represented with red hair and beard.

III. iv. 16. He hath bought a pair of cast lips. A play upon the two meanings, — cast off, and chaste (Lat. *castus*).

III. iv. 45. quite traverse. To break a lance traverse, or crosswise, was to show extreme awkwardness in manly sport.

III. v. 5. falls not. Does not let fall.

III. v. 23. capable impresse. Perceptible impression.

III. v. 81. Dead shepherd. Marlowe; see *Introduction*.

III. v. 123. mingled damask. The blush color of the damask rose. *Mingled* describes the changing color of the girl's cheeks.

Act Fourth. i. 32. Look you lisp and wear strange suits. Shakespeare satirizes those who affectedly imitate foreign customs.

IV. i. 96. Troilus. Son of Priam and hero of many mediæval stories. According to legend, he was slain by Achilles.

IV. i. 99. Leander. The hero who swam the Hellespont every night to see his love, Hero. Rosalind wilfully misinterprets the story.

IV. i. 140. before the priest. In advance of the priest.

IV. i. 151. Barbary cock-pigeon. Barbary perhaps adds a suggestion of Oriental jealousy.

IV. i. 155. Diana in the fountain. Probably only a general reference, although a fountain with an image of Diana was set up in Cheapside in 1596.

IV. i. 177. her husband's occasion. The woman who cannot excuse herself at her husband's expense is indeed slow of wit.

IV. iii. 58. by him seal up thy mind. Express thy mind in a letter carried by him.

IV. iii. 172. a passion of earnest. An exhibition of sincere feeling.

Act Fifth. ii. 17. all's. All his.

V. ii. 41. degrees. A pun follows, for *degrees* formerly meant *steps*.

V. ii. 45. Clubs. *Clubs!* was the rallying cry of the London apprentices, who used these weapons in quelling public disturbances.

V. ii. 68. not damnable. Not deserving punishment by the law against witchcraft.

V. iii. 11. clap into't roundly. Begin at once.

V. iv. 67. the fool's bolt. An allusion to the proverb, "the fool's bolt is soon shot." There is scant hope of explaining Touchstone's bolt about *dulcet diseases*.

V. iv. 94. by the book. A satire on the popular hand-books of etiquette.

V. iv. 107. swore brothers. An allusion to the chivalric custom of swearing eternal brotherhood. *Amis and Amile* pictures sworn brothers.

V. iv. 114. Hymen. The god of marriage. Shakespeare followed the fashion in introducing a classical pageant.

V. iv. 147. Juno's crown. Juno was the goddess who presided over the marriage of women.

Epilogue. 3. good wine needs no bush. In Elizabethan and earlier days wine shops bore a bush of ivy at the door. Ivy was sacred to Bacchus.

18. If I were a woman. Rosalind's part was played by a boy, for women did not go on the stage until the Restoration.



## Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

- I. ii. 4. I were] were F.
- ii. 55. perceiving] perceiveth F.
- ii. 88. *Cel.] Ros.* F.
- II. iv. 1. weary] merry F.
- iv. 44. they wound] they would F.
- vii. 73. wearer's] wearie F.
- III. ii. 163. pulpiter] Jupiter F.
- IV. i. 19. my] by F.
- V. iii. 31-34. F places after 22. This order is taken from  
an early 17th century Ms.
- iv. 120. her] his F.



## Glossary

- abus'd, deceived; III. v. 79.  
accord, consent; V. iv. 139.  
address'd, prepared; V. iv. 162.  
allotery, allotted share; I. i. 77.  
allows, acknowledges; I. i. 49.  
an, if; II. vii. 100; IV. i. 31.  
anatomize, expose; I. i. 163.  
and, if; IV. i. 27.  
apace, quickly; III. iii. 1.  
assay'd, attempted; I. iii. 131.  
atomies, notes; III. ii. 245.  
atone, agree; V. iv. 116.
- bandy, contend; V. i. 61.  
bars me, excludes me from; I. i. 21.  
bastinado, punishment, beating with a stick upon the  
soles of the feet; V. i. 61.  
batlet, little bat, used by washerwomen; II. iv. 49.  
beholding, beholden; IV. i. 60.  
bestows himself, bears himself; IV. iii. 87.  
bills, see note; I. ii. 131.  
bob, jest; II. vii. 55.  
bolt, arrow; V. iv. 67.  
bonny, valiant; II. iii. 8.  
bottom, lowland; IV. iii. 79.  
bravery, finery; II. vii. 80.  
breath'd, exercised; I. ii. 230.

- breed, educate; I. i. 4.  
 broken music, see note, I. ii. 149.  
 bugle, (black) bead; III. v. 47.  
 burden, undersong; III. ii. 261.  
 butchery, slaughter-house; II. iii. 27.  
 buy you, see *God buy you*.  
  
 calling, name; I. ii. 245.  
 carlot, churl, peasant; III. v. 108.  
 cast, see note, III. iv. 16.  
 character, write; III. ii. 6.  
 cheerly, cheerfully; II. vi. 15.  
 chopt, chapped; II. iv. 50.  
 cicatrice, mark; III. v. 23.  
 civet, a perfume; III. ii. 69. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. vi. 132.  
 civil, of the city, civilized; III. ii. 136.  
 cods, pea-pods; II. iv. 53.  
 colour, kind, sort; III. ii. 436.  
 commandment, command; II. vii. 109.  
 commission, warrant, authority; IV. i. 138.  
 conceit, imagination; II. vi. 8: understanding; V. ii. 59.  
 conn'd, learned by heart; III. ii. 289.  
 contrive, plot; IV. iii. 135.  
 convertites, converts; V. iv. 190.  
 cony, rabbit; III. ii. 357.  
 cope, encounter; II. i. 67.  
 copulatives, those who are to be wed; V. iv. 58.  
 cote, cot, small cottage; II. iv. 83.  
 countenance, bearing, treatment; I. i. 19.  
 counter, a small piece of metal used in reckoning; II. vii. 63.  
 cover, prepare the table; II. v. 32.  
 coz, cousin, relative; I. ii. 1; III. ii. 228; IV. i. 209.

curvets, frisks; III. ii. 258.

curtle-axe, cutlass, short sword; I. iii. 119.

dial, timepiece; II. vii. 33.

disputable, fond of dispute; II. v. 36.

dog-apes, baboons; II. v. 27.

dole, sorrow; I. ii. 139.

doom, judgment; I. iii. 85.

doublet, jacket; II. iv. 6.

duc dame, see note; II. v. 56.

effigies, likeness; II. vii. 193.

enchantly, as if he won love by enchantments; I. i.  
174.

erring, wandering; III. ii. 138.

erst, before; III. v. 95.

exempt, remote; II. i. 15.

expediently, expeditiously; III. i. 18.

extent, seizure; see note, III. i. 17.

extermin'd, exterminated; III. v. 89.

eyne, eyes; IV. iii. 50.

fain, gladly; I. ii. 170; III. iii. 46.

fancy, love; III. v. 29.

fancy-monger, dealer in love; III. ii. 382.

fantasy, love; II. iv. 31.

favour, aspect, look; IV. iii. 87; V. iv. 27.

feature, form, appearance; III. iii. 3.

fond, foolish; II. iii. 7.

forked heads, a kind of arrows; II. i. 24.

free, not guilty; II. vii. 85.

Gargantua, see note, III. ii. 238.

God buy you, God be with you; III. ii. 273; V. iii. 41.

God 'ild you, God yield you, pay you; III. iii. 75.

graff, graft; III. ii. 123.

gravell'd, stranded; IV. i. 74.

having, possession; III. ii. 395.

hinds, servants; I. i. 21.

honest, virtuous; I. ii. 41, 42; III. iii. 26.

hose, breeches; II. iv. 7.

humorous, moody, capricious; I. ii. 278; II. iii. 8; IV. i. 20.

hurtling, encounter, din; IV. iii. 132.

hyen, hyena; IV. i. 157.

impressure, impression; III. v. 23.

incontinent, immediately; V. ii. 42.

inquisition, inquiry; II. ii. 20.

invention, imagination; II. v. 49.

intendment, intention; I. i. 140.

jars, discords; II. vii. 5; III. ii. 109.

kind, nature; II. vii. 90; IV. iii. 59. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. ii. 65.

kindle, incite; I. i. 179.

kindled, born; III. ii. 358.

knoll'd, knelled, rung; II. vii. 114.

lackey, servant; III. ii. 314.

leer, countenance; IV. i. 67.

lief, gladly; I. i. 152; III. ii. 269.

lieu, "in l. of," in return for; II. iii. 65.

limn'd, drawn; II. vii. 194.

manage, management, training; I. i. 14.

marry, by Mary; I. i. 35, and elsewhere.

- material, full of matter; III. iii. 32.  
 medlar, a fruit something like a small pear; III. ii. 125.  
 meed, reward; II. iii. 58.  
 memory, reminder, memorial; II. iii. 3.  
 mettle, spirit, meaning; II. vii. 82.  
 mewling, screaming; II. vii. 144.  
 mines, undermines; I. i. 22.  
 moe, more; III. ii. 278.  
 moral, see moralize; II. vii. 29.  
 moralize, expound, draw deep meanings from; II. i. 44.  
 motley, see note, II. vii. 13.
- natural, idiot; I. ii. 52.  
 needless, not needing; II. i. 46.  
 nominate, name; V. v. 92.
- observance, attention; III. ii. 247; see note, V. ii. 102.  
 'Od's, God's; III. v. 43.  
 of, concerning; I. ii. 56: by; II. i. 41; III. ii. 361.
- pantaloon, see note, II. vii. 158.  
 parcels, details; III. v. 125.  
 pard, leopard; II. vii. 150.  
 parlous, perilous; III. ii. 45.  
 passing, surpassingly, extremely; III. v. 138.  
 peascod, pea-pod; II. iv. 52.  
 perpend, consider; III. ii. 69.  
 phoenix, the fabulous bird who lived five hundred years and rose again from its own ashes; IV. iii. 17.  
 point device, Old French à *point devis*, arranged perfectly to the smallest detail; III. ii. 402.  
 poke, pocket; II. vii. 20.  
 pomp, full of pomp and ceremony; V. iv. 176.

- practise, plot; I. i. 156.  
 prime, spring; V. iii. 33.  
 priser, prize-fighter; II. iii. 8.  
 prithee, pray thee; II. v. 9; III. ii. 257, etc.  
 profit, proficiency; I. i. 7.  
 proper, handsome; I. ii. 129; III. v. 115.  
 puisny, inferior, "puny"; III. iv. 46.  
 puking, vomiting; II. vii. 144.  
 purgation, vindication; I. iii. 55; V. iv. 45.  
 purlieus, borders; IV. iii. 77.
- quail, slacken; II. ii. 20.  
 quintain, a revolving figure used in tilting. Sometimes it bore a shield on one arm and a club or sand-bag on the other. The dexterous tilter struck the shield squarely and dodged the threatened blow of the club; I. ii. 263.
- quip, a conceit, witty jest; V. iv. 78.  
 quit, acquit; III. i. 11.  
 quotidian, a fever, with daily paroxysms, supposed to be caused by love; III. ii. 384.
- rank, row; IV. iii. 80; see note, III. ii. 103.  
 rankness, insolence; I. i. 91.  
 rascal, a technical term applied to lean deer; III. iii. 58.  
 recks, cares; II. iv. 81.  
 religious, belonging to some religious order; III. ii. 362; V. iv. 166.
- remorse, pity; I. iii. 72.  
 removed, remote; III. ii. 360.  
 reverence, respect due; I. i. 54.  
 right, very, downright; III. ii. 103, 127.  
 roundly, directly; V. iii. 11.  
 roynish, mangy, uncouth; II. ii. 8.

- sad, serious; III. ii. 156.  
sale-work, "ready-made," carelessly made; III. v. 43.  
sans, without; II. vii. 32, 166.  
saws, sayings; II. vii. 156.  
scrip, small bag; III. ii. 171.  
se'nnight, a week; III. ii. 333.  
shift, expedient; IV. i. 78.  
shrewd, hard, bitter; V. iv. 179.  
simples, herbs; IV. i. 17.  
sirrah, sir, with a note of contempt; III. ii. 168; IV. iii. 166.  
sooth, truth; III. ii. 411.  
sorts, classes; I. i. 173.  
span, the distance from the tip of the thumb to that of the little finger when the hand is stretched out; about 9 inches; III. ii. 139.  
speed, patron; I. ii. 222.  
squandering, careless, unthrifty; II. vii. 57.  
stalking horse, a horse, real, wooden, or painted, behind which a sportsman screened himself; V. iv. 111.  
straight, straightway; III. v. 136.  
swashing, swaggering; I. iii. 122.  
synod, council; III. ii. 158.
- tax, censure; II. vii. 71.  
tender, value; V. ii. 77.  
thrasonical, boastful; V. ii. 34.  
tilter; one who runs a tilt, III. iv. 46.  
toward, at hand; V. iv. 35.  
traverse, crossways; III. iv. 45.  
troth, truth; III. ii. 303.  
trow, know; III. ii. 189.
- umber, brown pigment; I. iii. 114.  
uncouth, unknown; II. vi. 6.

unexpressive, inexpressible; III. ii. 10.

unquestionable, reserved, not to be questioned; III. ii. 393.

unto, in addition to; I. ii. 250.

velvet, delicate; technically, the outer covering of the young horns of a stag; II. i. 50.

vengeance, harm; IV. iii. 48.

videlicet, namely; IV. i. 96.

villain, see note, I. i. 58.

ware, see note, II. iv. 58.

warp, freeze, distort; II. vii. 187.

wearing, wearying; II. iv. 38.

week, time; II. iii. 74.

whit, particle; III. ii. 46.

wind, wend; III. iii. 105.

wrath, heat, height of passion; V. ii. 44.



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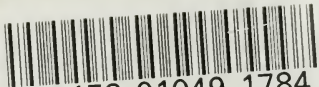
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